

NECDOTES
OF A
BOARDING-SCHOOL;
OR, AN
ANTIDOTE to the VICES
OF THOSE
USEFUL SEMINARIES.

By *M. P.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

L O N D O N:

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N E C D O T E S

OF A

CHARACTER

THE VICES



IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II

L O N D O N

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BOARDING-SCHOOL, &c.

I N an instant all was silent; and those who the moment before had been the loudest, were now, if possible, more still than the others. Mrs. *Steward* then seating herself began, with saying; I am extremely concerned, ladies, to learn by Miss *Starch*, that——Here she was interrupted by the confused clamour of twenty voices all at once exclaiming, I am sure, Madam, I should not have done it, if the rest of the ladies had not chosen it. And, am sure I should not, only I thought

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when the others did, it would look proud in me to be particular ; but I am sure all the other ladies were as bad as I. She then demanded *silence*, and proceeded, saying, This mutual accusation of each other, in my opinion, by no mean clears or justifies any of you : on the contrary, it convinces me of your guilt, and shews that you all *feel* yourselves deserving of punishment, in thus eagerly seeking to avoid it, by casting the blame on others. However, as at present, I am not come to *punish*, but to *talk* with you, I must insist upon a little more order being observed. I can hear but one person speak at a time, and therefore shall look upon it as a very great rudeness if I am disturbed any more by several attempting to speak at once. I am very willing to hear what every one has to say in her defence, but then it must be by one at a time. Whoever therefore is willing to acquaint me with the whole truth of what has passed, with, and about the Gipsy, begin, and I will patiently listen to what you have to say.

Here Mrs. *Steward* paused, and her scholars all continued silent, none of the

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guilty ones choosing to be the speaker upon such conditions; and all the innocent, fearing they should be thought ill-natured if they told the history. On finding none of them come forward, Mrs. *Steward* addressed herself to Miss *Lloyd*, and said, I have upon every occasion hitherto, Miss *Lloyd*, always found you one whose veracity may be strictly depended upon: in the present instance therefore, I doubt not but you will carefully maintain the same character, and whether you are conscious of guilt or not, ingenuously relate to me every circumstance respecting opening the window, and talking with the Gipsy, without concealing any part, either through apprehension or partiality: an honest confession, you know, will be most likely to procure pardon, and the only course to engage my esteem.

Miss *Lloyd* then came forward, and said, I hope, Madam, when thus called upon by you, what I am going to relate will not by the young ladies be thought to proceed from any degree of ill-nature toward them, or any wish to declare my

own innocence; for had you not commanded me to speak, I am sure I should have remained silent. However, as you desire me to give you the whole account of what has passed, I am ready to do it to the best of my abilities; and hope, Madam, when you shall have heard *all* the truth, you will not think it necessary to inflict so severe a punishment as that which Miss *Starb* threatened. She then began, and related the whole affair, not omitting a single circumstance, from the time the Gipsy first spoke at the window, till Miss *Starb* came and sent her away.

As soon as she discontinued speaking Mrs. *Steward* kindly returned her thanks for her narrative; commended her for the exact manner in which she told it, and particularly for the good-humour with which she endeavoured to excuse the faults of the ladies in consulting the Gipsy. She then turning to those who were guilty, said, I am sorry, my dear children, to find any of you pay so little regard to what is right, as to think of consulting a *Gipsy* to know what shall besal you in futurity; as if any body could possibly tell that, but God alone. Indeed, Madam, said Miss

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Brownlow, she said every thing she told us would come true, and that Miss *Beauchamp* will live to repent not believing her. She might very possibly *say* so, replied Mrs. *Steward*, but that no more *proves* the *certainty* of what she foretold, than her first saying it did; and as for Miss *Beauchamp* living to *repent* not believing her, she need not be uneasy upon that account I promise you: on the contrary, whoever are silly enough to give credit to one word she asserted, will have sufficient cause to repent of their folly, as they will most undoubtedly be disappointed; or should any event which she mentioned *happen* to come true, if you allow yourselves to think that it was owing to her having foretold it, you will expect all the others to prove so likewise, and thus fancy your lives and fortunes under the direction of a vagrant Gipsy, instead of under the guidance of God; than which a greater affront can scarcely be offered to his divine Majesty: for it is not only contrary to his positive command to consult such people, but also an impeachment of his holiness and purity, to suppose that he would honor such wretches with being

the publishers of his future designs. But why, Madam, interrupted Miss Ord, do you call them *wretches*? I thought it was very wrong to abuse any body because they are poor.

To offer the smallest slight to any one, replied Mrs. Steward, on account of their *poverty* would be extremely culpable; but the reason why I made use of that rather harsh epithet, was on account of their idle, thieving manner of living, so directly contrary to all laws, both human and divine; consequently, so very far from what we can suppose the Almighty would employ as his prophets; and such they must be if they can foretel future events; since none but God, and those commissioned by him, can possibly do that. The scriptures, my dear children, are the only rule we have to direct us in our duty, or make known to us the will of the Almighty; and, by them we not only learn, that those whom God appointed to declare what was to happen in future, were always persons of the strictest piety and goodness, but also his utter abhorrence of all such *pretenders* to hidden knowledge; insomuch, that he positively

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commanded, that his people “Should *not suffer a witch to live.*” That is, a person who pretended to supernatural powers, and to be informed of hidden events by some peculiar secret *arts* possessed by themselves, though unknown to the rest of the world; which is the identical same crime the Gipsies of our time practice. God not only thus commanded punishment to be inflicted on the persons who pretended to possess such marvellous wisdom, but also severely threatened all those who should seek to them for information, as you will clearly see in the twentieth chapter of *Leviticus*, where God says, at the sixth verse, “And the soul that turneth after such as have familiar spirits, and after wizards, I will set my face against that soul, and will cut him off from amongst his people.” That is, from all those blessings promised to the *Israelites*. And again, at the twenty-seventh verse he says, “A man also or woman that hath a familiar spirit, or that is a wizard, shall surely be put to death: they shall stone them with stones: their blood shall be upon them.”

Are the Gipsies then ever put to death? enquired Miss *Beauchamp*. To which Mrs. *Steward* replied, the belief in their supernatural knowledge has for so many years been exploded, except by some few of the very *weakest* of people, that I believe we have no laws at present in force to punish them for their *fortune-telling*, as they call it; though it would be better perhaps if we had, as those who are now absurd enough to attend to them, would be effectually prevented from giving countenance to so wicked a custom. However, though the laws of our land may be silent on this subject, still those of God are clear and *express* against it. And we may assure ourselves that it is a thing most displeasing in his sight, to give any encouragement to, or place any confidence in what they say. For do but, my dears, consult your own *reasons*, and think whether it is *probable* that the Almighty, who has all *men* and *angels* at his command, should make use of *such* people to publish his will to the world: people who, too indolent to maintain themselves by honest industry, live only by *plunder*, *begging*, and persuading silly people to give them

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money to hear their *fortunes*, as you have most of you done this morning. Is it likely, I say, that a God of *wisdom*, a God of *goodness*, should chuse such instruments to declare his intentions to mankind? Beside, since the world began, when was it ever known that he so foretold to any particular person, what was to be their destiny through life? It is true that he frequently sent his prophets to warn his people of the calamities which their sins would draw upon them, and to admonish them to repent before it was too late. He also foretold by them the birth of *Christ*, and the future state of the church; but they never were commissioned to tell every man, woman, or child who chose to consult them, what should be their particular fate through life, or whether they should be married or single. Such events God has concealed from *all* men, and positively declared by one of his apostles, that "We know not what shall be on the morrow." How ridiculous then is it to imagine that we can know what is to be our fate for many years! You cannot therefore, my dears, think how truly concerned I am, that you should

any of you have been guilty of such folly as has marked your conduct this day; but I hope it was youthful *folly* and *in-disc. etion* alone which tempted you to do it; and that upon reflecting seriously upon it, you will all have too much sense to suffer any thing the Gipsy said to dwell upon your minds, or give credit to any of her promises.

Why, Madam, said Miss *Creedless*, she certainly must *know* more than *one thinks for*, as she told me, that I should soon leave school, (which I am to do, you know, Madam, after the next holidays,) and *how* could she *possibly* tell that, unless she is possessed of some knowledge more than one can account for?

How! resumed Mrs. *Steward*; by your *beight*, by your *look*, and by your *age*, she might be pretty sure she could not be greatly out, in saying you would *soon* leave school: and likewise by your *dress* and appearance she might justly conclude, that there was but little likelihood you should *walk* from hence; she therefore, *artfully* thought to strengthen your faith in her predictions, by saying, you should be *fetch'd home in a carriage*; as she concluded,

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when you found those two events come true, you would be led to believe, and expect the others to be so likewise; without reflecting, that any person in the world could have given as true a guess by looking at you. Thus it is they establish their authority, and from now and then happening to *guess right*, make weak and silly minds conclude that it was owing to *supernatural wisdom*. Another point which they dwell much upon when talking to girls, is that of *husbands* and *children*, as they know in all probability it is most likely they may marry, and most likely have children; and then they conclude their foresight will be applauded, and great credit gained to the whole race of Gipsies. Several instances of this kind in the course of my life I have been well acquainted with; one or two of which I will relate: *not* to confirm your belief in them, but to shew how events in the common course of nature may sometimes happen to fall out as the Gipsies or any one has guessed at random.

Many years ago, as I, in company with three other young ladies, was taking a walk, we were met by a number of Gip-

sies, who immediately accosted us in their usual manner, by begging first, and then telling us, if we would cross their hand, as they called it, with a piece of silver, they would tell us our fortunes. One of the young ladies whispered me, that she had a great mind to have her's told; to which I strongly objected: but the other two said, they saw no harm in it; and by way of frolic agreed to hear theirs also, and much wanted to persuade me to comply with the joke, but I positively refused: not that I had the least faith in what should be said, but because I thought it a very *wrong* thing to give any encouragement to such proceedings. However, all I could urge against it was to no effect, and accordingly they gave the money to hear an old woman talk the most egregious nonsense. She began in the customary way, by telling the young lady who first applied to her, and who gave her a *Shilling*, that she should have a number of *sweethearts*, among whom one would be remarkably handsome, and fond of her; but that *maybe* she would not marry; but if she did, she would meet a *deal* of trouble and vexation, and

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Now only observe, my dears, what this fortune was. She even left it doubtful whether she should marry or not ; so that either way her foresight might not be called in question ; and then, in general terms, told her, she should have many vexations, and many blessings. And who, I beg to know, ever passes through life without finding that to be the case ? Therefore in saying that, the Gipsy might be sure she should not be mistaken : and likewise with respect to burying her children ; how few parents do not lose one or more of their children, either in their infancy, or when farther advanced in life ? In all probability therefore, her prediction in that respect would be fulfilled.

The next young lady who stepped forward to learn her future fate, was a Miss *Frith*, whose mother was at that time confined to her bed with a fever. She gave the woman but six-pence, which instantly determined what her fate should be ; for they always predict either good or bad, according as they are pleased or

dissatisfied with the sum given them; of which you may all be convinced by the great difference in the fortune which the Gipsy told Miss *Hastings* and Miss *Greenlow* this day. She began by telling her, that she would very shortly be in great distress by the death of some dear friend; that her fate through life would be but indifferent; that she would marry *somebody*, who would be rather taller than herself; and that he would have brown hair, and eye-brows: that she would find him contradict her oftner than she liked, and that she would certainly die before she reached her thirtieth birth-day.

As soon as the Gipsy ceased, Miss *Greenlow*, the other lady, came forward, and, presenting her with a shilling, desired to know her destiny? The woman taking it, and looking earnestly in her hand, told her, that it was very difficult to tell exactly what would be her future fate; but she could pretty clearly foresee, that she would be very fortunate, and if she was not at that time married, it would not be long before a certain young gentleman would make her his wife, and after a few years were passed, she would

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be the mother of many children. However she was sorry to inform her of one thing, which was, that she would outlive her husband; but, added she, you may be very happy for all that.

When they were all satisfied with hearing their fortunes, and had so foolishly squandered away their money, Come, said I, do let us go on, for I am tired of standing to hear such abominable nonsense. Then go, said the Gipsy angrily, and be as wretched as you deserve to be; for you may rest assured, that sorrow shall attend you all the days of your life. I made her no sort of reply, and we walked on, whilst my companions diverted themselves with their several fortunes.

How could you, said I, be so ridiculous; I should have thought you had all been wiser than to do so foolish a thing! Nay, pray do not be so serious about it, replied they, it was only a frolic, and you do not think we are such fools as to believe one word of what she has said. Then, returned I, it is a pity you should give encouragement to such kind of people. To this they only made some sprightly answer; and after all again

declaring that they should never trouble themselves with what she had said, the subject dropped, and we continued our walk.

On our return home Mrs. *Fritb*, who I before mentioned was ill, we then found considerably worse. She had, during our absence been seized with a violent disorder in her bowels, which, added to her other complaint, brought her so extremely low, that there appeared but little hope of her recovery: however, in a few days, she was considerably better, and even so far recovered, as to walk down her garden, where she was caught in a heavy shower of rain, which giving her cold, brought back all her complaints, and again confined her to her bed; where after continuing for about a fortnight she died, and left her daughter in very sincere distress indeed. However, though the prediction of the Gipsy occurred to her mind, yet, as her mother was very dangerously ill even before she had seen her, she was not so simple as to attribute her misfortune to the woman's threatening: on the contrary, her sorrow was so great as to leave her no time to think of the nonsense she

had heard, and for some years she appeared to have forgotten, at least totally disregarded it; till a young man, a distant relation of her father's, paid his addresses to her, and she was married.

This gentleman, as the Gipsy had foretold, was taller than herself, and had brown hair and eye-brows. But was that any thing remarkable? Are not most men taller than women? and out of an hundred men, are there not above ninety of them who have brown hair? for how few are there who have either carrotty or black, in comparison with the numbers who have brown? In predicting, therefore, these two particulars, she might be almost certain of being in the right: as also in respect to the other part she mentioned, her being *contradicted oftner than she liked*. Now it is very sure, that no person *likes* contradiction; and as certain, that no one can pass through life without sometimes meeting with it. If, therefore, because she shared the fate of all other women, she was to attribute it to the supernatural foresight of the Gipsy, the woman undoubtedly took a sure way

to have her predictions come true. But none, I believe, who reflect at all, will think that the events so happened, *because* she had so said: on the contrary, they will easily perceive they were circumstances almost certain of happening in the common course of nature. Miss *Fritb*, though at the time of her mother's death she disregarded the nonsense of the Gipsy, after she had married a man *taller* than herself, and with *brown* hair, began foolishly to reflect on what had been foretold. To confirm her likewise in the belief of which, the husband of the lady, formerly Miss *Greenlow*, was at that time unfortunately taken ill of the small-pox, and died. I say *unfortunately*, because it helped so strongly to fix on the mind of her friend, the reliance on the prediction of the Gipsy. This weakness, however, she felt so much ashamed of, that she did not chuse to confess to any one, though she perpetually (as she at last acknowledged) kept brooding over it in her own mind, and sincerely repenting that she ever had consented to having her fortune told.

When she entered her thirtieth year, she was in perfect health; but it was not long

before her spirits left her: her health began visibly to decline, and she had many very alarming symptoms attending her. Instead of her usual cheerfulness and activity, she was grave, thoughtful, and inactive: her appetite forsook her; and her nights were sleepless and uneasy. Still she made little or no complaints; and when urged by her friends to be more explicit, she only replied, that she was *not well*, though she could not exactly describe her complaints.

Her physician pronounced her to be in great danger, and gave it positively as his opinion, that some uneasiness of mind was the whole cause of her disorder; which, if removed, she might be restored to health. However, she persisted obstinately to deny having any thing that disturbed her, and continued gradually to grow worse and worse, till within two days of her birth-day, when her perturbation of mind was so violent, that it threw her into a fit, from which she was, with great difficulty, brought to herself again. And then calling for her husband, she told him, she was going to die. He

replied, he hoped, as she was then somewhat recovered, that she would soon be better. To which she answered, No, I am *sure* I shall never be better, for I *am* to die before my birth-day.

She then told him why she thought so, and how she had found the Gipsy's other predictions come true. In vain it was that he used every argument to convince her of the folly of such a belief, and of a Gipsy's knowing those events which God had not discovered. All he could say was to no effect: she persisted that she *was* to die; and put herself into such an agony of tears, as threw her into another fit, in which she actually expired.

There then, Madam! exclaimed Miss *Brownlow* hastily; you see that Gipsies do know what is to happen; and that what they say does come true. I see no such thing, my dear, replied Mrs. *Steward*; neither, I am sure, by any thing I have said, need you draw such a conclusion. That the lady I have been telling you about died, because the Gipsy told her so, I verily believe: but then it was entirely owing to her own folly in making herself ill by fretting. Any constant great uneasi-

ness of mind will always impair the constitution, and, by degrees, bring on those disorders which cause death. And this was her case: but does that prove that the *Gipsy* could tell before-hand what would happen? Or when her mother was ill at the time her fortune was told, do you think it was owing to the *Gipsy's* prediction that she died? Or could the *Gipsy* fore-know that Mr. *Blunt* (Miss *Greenlow's* husband) should happen to meet in a coach a person who had the small-pox, should catch it, and should die? No! my dears, believe me, she had no such supernatural wisdom; she merely said so, for the sake of saying something *possible* to come true; for how many are the women who do outlive their husbands? And so would Mrs. *Blunt* have done, though she had never seen a *Gipsy* in her life, as she herself very wisely acknowledged. The misfortune, said she, which the *Gipsy* foretold to me, is now come true; but thank God, I am not weak enough to believe that she knew any more of the matter than I do, when I say, I fancy some company will call upon me to-day, and so it happens. And be assured, con-

tinued Mrs. *Steward*, whatever may chance to come true of their predictions, has no better foundation. In telling you a number of probable things, where is the wonder that some of them should come to pass? Do we not see instances of this kind every day happen to us all, by something or other being accomplished which we chanced to guess rightly? But are we for this reason all fortune-tellers and conjurers? And yet we are, as much so as any of the Gipsies. Pray, Madam, enquired Miss *Hastings*, did any of those things which she told you come true? She told me nothing particularly, replied Mrs. *Steward*, only in general terms, that I should be very wretched. But thank God, I have never had cause to think she was a prophetess on that account; for I have passed hitherto through life with as few sorrows as most people. No one is without some troubles; and mine have been of no uncommon severity; therefore, I have great reason to be thankful to God, and none to suppose that the words of a Gipsy can be of any consequence. I hope, likewise, you will all be wise enough to disregard what the Gipsy has this day

said to you, and too prudent ever to be guilty of the same fault for the future; lest you draw upon yourselves the vengeance which God threatened by his Prophet *Ezekiel*, upon those who sought to false Prophets, (*Gypsies* or *Conjurers*) which should be the same as the Prophets themselves suffered. "I will set my face," saith God, "against that man, and I will make him a sign and a proverb, and I will cut him off from the midst of my people, and ye shall know that I am the Lord." And numerous are the passages throughout the scriptures, wherein God expresses his abhorrence of all such proceedings. Nor can I quit this subject without observing those passages in the thirty-fourth of *Ecclesiastes*, so very clear to the purpose of believing in dreams and fortune-tellers. "Whoso regardeth dreams is like him that catcheth at a shadow, and followeth after the wind. The vision of dreams is the resemblance of one thing to another, even as the likeness of a face to a face. Divinations, and soothsayings, (that is *fortune-telling*) and dreams are vain: if they be not sent from the Most High in thy visitation, set not thy heart

upon them. For dreams have deceived many, and *they* have failed that put their trust in them." Why, I think indeed, Madam, said Miss *Candid*, those texts are so exceedingly plain against such sort of things, that nobody need alarm themselves lest they should come true: for my part, I never did believe in them at all, for my Mamma and Papa always told me, that they were as much nonsense as the foolish stories which are told about either Fairies or Giants. Certainly they are, my dear, rejoined Mrs. *Steward*, and deserve no more of our regard. Then, Madam, said Miss *Brownlow*, you do not think I need make myself unhappy about what the Gipsy has told me; for, I am sure, she has frightened me so that I do not know what to do with myself: I am sure I can think of nothing but the shocking things that she says are to happen to me. To think of having all one's dear friends murdered, and be turned out of doors to starve: I declare, it is quite dreadful! Dreadful indeed! said Mrs. *Steward*, would all that be, were it to befall you; but I cannot say there is the least likelihood of it because the Gipsy told you so. Set

your heart therefore, I beseech you, at rest, and on no account ever suffer yourself to be uneasy with the expectation of the sorrows she foretold: "For sufficient (as our Saviour himself tells us) to the day, is the evil thereof." God, therefore, does not, at those seasons when he thinks fit to bless us with comforts, foretel us every misfortune which is to befall us through life, and by that mean rob us of the lawful enjoyment of present comforts. On the contrary, he tells us, "In the day of prosperity to rejoice;" which it would be impossible for us ever to do, if we had the foresight of any great calamity that was to befall us. You may therefore be perfectly easy, and assure yourself, that the words of the Gipsy are of no farther authority, than the nonsensical chatter of a child, or even of a *parrot*. But one thing I cannot omit telling you, which is, that although in themselves they are *nothing*, you may, by *believing* them, make them (like my friend Miss *Frith*) to be of great *importance*: for certain it is, no persons can ever be happy, unless the Almighty is their protector, and favors them with his blessing. • And as he has declared his

displeasure against those who trust in false Prophets, Witches, Wizards, or any Persons of the kind, so we may justly suppose, that he may shew his anger toward those who *do* so, by letting them experience all the miseries they expect; thus suffering them to “eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices.” And as they chuse to withdraw their trust from *Him*, and rely upon the threats and promises of a *fortune-teller*, he may very likely deprive them of all their comfort and peace of mind, by sending (as he threatened the *Israelites*, in case they forsook the worship of him,) “*faintness into their hearts*,” so that (the most trivial things, even) “the sound of a *shaking leaf* shall chace them; and they shall flee, as fleeing from a sword; and they shall fall when none pursueth.” That is, their own imaginations shall be so alarmed as to make them continually fancy themselves surrounded by danger, and feel all the horrors of it, when, in reality, there is no danger near them. Let me therefore again beseech you, my dear ladies, upon no account, to pay any regard to what the wicked Gipsy told you,

even though one or two circumstances should happen to fall out as she said; since you may assure yourselves, she can *know* nothing of the matter: though amidst a number of *possible* events which she *pretended* to foretel, *some* of them may *chance* to come true. Here Mrs. Steward paused, and Miss Kitty Long begged to know whether it was her opinion, that *all* Gipsies were wicked? To which Mrs. Steward made the following answer: They may not perhaps, my dear, be all *equally* bad, since *guilt* must, in a great measure, depend upon the degree of knowledge the person has who commits the crime. Thus, what would be deserving of the *severest* punishment in us, may, perhaps, be *pardonable* in those poor creatures who have never been instructed in any of the divine laws; and God, who sees the hearts of all people, will undoubtedly make a great difference in his dealings with those who have had opportunities of learning his commandments, and those who have not. Thus our Saviour tells us, "That to whomsoever *much* is given, from them will *much* be required." But though I think great *allowance* ought to be made for those

poor Gipsies, who, trained up from their infancy in *idleness, stealing, and fortune-telling*, practice such bad ways; still, we cannot deny but that such customs are extremely wicked, and highly deserving of censure; nor can we ever *approve* of those people who commit them, though, at the same time, they may claim our *pity*, and our *prayers*, that God would be pleased to convert them from their evil ways. Pray, Madam, said Miss *Candid*, are not the Gipsies descendants from the *Egyptians*? It has vulgarly been supposed so, replied Mrs. *Steward*; but the idea, I believe, is a very false one, though *they* wish to have it credited. It originally takes its rise from the *Egyptians* refusing to pay obedience to the laws of the Sultan *Selimus*, when he conquered their country in the year 1417; upon which they were banished from *Egypt*, and dispersed themselves into almost every country throughout the then known world. *Egypt* (as you must all have learned by reading the Bible) was an idolatrous nation, unacquainted with the worship of the true God, and wholly given up to superstition. The art of magic, or performing pretended

miracles, was practiced among them; and they were supposed by the ignorant of all nations, to be possessed of supernatural powers and foresight. Hence, when scattered abroad, they came to be consulted upon various occasions; and to be esteemed by the weak minded, as superior to common men. But, as the world became more enlightened. they lost their fancied consequence, and, by degrees, were mixed and confounded with the various nations among which they dwelt. The *Gipsies*, therefore, of our days, are only an idle, vagrant set of people, who live by plunder, begging, and what money they can extort by abominable fortune-telling. It is certain that their looks and manners, in some respects differ from all other classes of poor people; but that is very easily accounted for, by their living so much together, detached from all other society, and by their continuing to marry only among themselves; so that it is not to be wondered at, that their children should strongly resemble them in features and complexion, as well as in manners. And now, continued Mrs. Steward, I hope I have said enough to banish from your

minds any further faith in their predictions; and likewise to convince you so thoroughly of the real *sin*, not only of believing in, but also giving encouragement to them, that you will never be prevailed upon to commit the same folly again. I am sure, Madam, I never will; and I am sure I will not do so any more, or mind a word of what she said, was now loudly repeated from every mouth but Miss *Creedless's*, who was too much pleased with the thought of the *fine handsome young gentleman*, the Gipsy had promised her, to give up all hopes of its being true. She therefore remained silent; but among the number of voices that replied at the same instant, her behaviour was not particularly remarked.

Mrs. *Steward* then said, I am rejoiced, my dear children, that my endeavour to convince your understandings has not been in vain, and, I trust, it will be attended with more lasting effects, than the infliction of that punishment which Miss *Starch* at first threatened; but which, as you all seemed convinced of your error, I see no necessity of executing. I will therefore inform Miss *Starch* of your for-

row for your faults, and, I am sure, as well as myself, that she will be glad to hear there is no farther call for any acts of severity. But one thing I must *insist* upon, which is, that none of you in future ever open the windows to any persons who come there, let their pretences be what they will; and I shall give very particular orders to the servants, that the gate of the court-yard may never be left on jar.

Mrs. *Steward* then left the room, and before the young ladies had made half their remarks upon what had passed, they were all summoned by the sound of the bell to attend dinner. *La! bless me!* said Miss *Stone*, as they went into the dinner room, how *stupidly* this morning has passed! I declare we have had no *fun*; nothing but a sermon, with the text taken from the first verse of the first chapter of *Gipsies*: I declare, I was so tired that I did not know what to do, and once I was fast asleep I *vow*. *Asleep* were you? said *Martha*, who happened to be next to her; I am sorry *for* that, *for* then you lost hearing what might have been of use to you as long as you live. I am sure what Mrs. *Steward* said was very good, and very true,

and enough to convince any body how wicked it is to believe a word of what Gipsies say: I would not have missed hearing it for ever so much. Then I am *v. sly* glad that you were pleased, replied Miss Stone, and I hope you are much the *fatter* for it; for my part, I never desire to hear such long, grave lectures, either upon Gipsies, or any think else; but if you do, my Governess will often favor you, for she likes prodigiously to hear her own tongue wag; and if any of the ladies will but honor her by attending to her wisdom, she thinks them the *sweetest, charmingest* creatures in the world; so you will just suit her, and be as disagreeable in the school as any of the rest of her *dear saints* are; for she always chuses the most *odious* in the school for her favorites. I cannot *abide* any one of them. By this time they reached the dinner-table, and Miss Stone was obliged to break off the discourse, whilst Martha sat down lamenting in her own mind, that so many, who when in company with their superiors appeared to be as good as any of the children, should, when by themselves, discover so much ill temper, thoughtlessness, and

meanness of spirit. Unacquainted with the ways of the world, she thought it must be something peculiarly bad in the manners of that society with which she was connected. She knew her own heart to be sincere and honest, and had imagined, that every girl's beside was like her own. Sensible of the terrible consequences of sin, she kept free from every crime, and had therefore no cause to *put on* when in company, a different behaviour to that which she practiced in private; since, let her retirement be where it would, she well knew, that nothing could conceal her from the sight of the Almighty. To commit therefore, any action when from under the observation of her parents or governess, which she would have blushed to have performed before them, was a degree of *artful cunning* that her soul would have abhorred to practice; for she well knew, that *that* goodness was undeserving of being called so, which was only worn like a mask to hide many faults, and to deceive those who beheld it. Such hypocrisy she was early taught to esteem worse than more

open naughtiness; since it was the way to bring disgrace upon virtue, and make *all* goodness be suspected as no better than deceit. It cannot therefore be wondered at, that the behaviour of so many of her school-fellows should not only surprise, but also give her infinite concern; and she flattered herself, that was she removed to any other situation, she should not find so many who were really naughty, though they passed when in school for tolerable good children. But the reason of her thinking so, was because she was ignorant of the world, nor knew how much wickedness is practiced in it, nor how few people there are (in comparison of the whole) who behave in all respects as they ought to do. This is a melancholy truth, that young people are not aware of, and therefore when first they discover it, they are apt either to think there is no occasion for themselves to take pains to be virtuous any longer, when there are so many will bear them company in sin; or else, arrogantly to suppose themselves better than any one else, and all the world beside no better than cheats and hypocrites. I would therefore

earnestly wish to caution all my young readers from permitting themselves to run into either of these dangerous extremes, since both are alike destructive to the true christian character. Those persons who will permit themselves to do what they know to be wrong, because they see *others* do so, can have no regard to the laws of God ; since they continue, let us be either by ourselves, or in whatever company we may, equally binding, and necessary to be observed, unless we will give up all hope of future happiness. On the other hand, no one can please God who is *proud* and *uncharitable* ; and such those must be, who fancy none good but themselves ; and conclude, because they find some wicked, that all the world must be so likewise. Whereas, this is far from being the case ; though there are many wicked people, yet are there also numbers who are good. And it is our duty to keep company with those who are such, and not follow the examples of the bad. This little *Martha* very wisely determined to do ; and far from judging uncharitably of *all* because she found *some* naughty, she

even flattered herself that all wickedness was collected into that one school, and no other place upon the earth could be found equally productive of it. She therefore determined to represent the case to her mamma the first opportunity; and accordingly in four or five days wrote her the following letter.

HONORED MADAM,

I HAVE again obtained leave of Mrs. *Steward* to sit in her parlour whilst I write to you. O! that I might be so employed the whole time that I am obliged to be absent from you; but I hope you will not let that be long; or at least, if I *must* spend some time at school, that you will find me one where there are not so many bad children; for you cannot think what a number here are, who do not seem to care about any thing that is good. I am sure if you knew all their arts and tricks, you would not like them more than I do; they seem to *cheat* and *deceive* as much as ever they can, and think there is no harm in it; or if they know it to be wrong, they do not mind that at all. I

one day asked one of the ladies how she could move the pin that Miss *Starch* had stuck in her work, to mark how much she was to do? for instead of working to it, she moved it back so far as to the place at which she wanted to leave off. So I said, How can you do such a thing, Miss *Slightly*? I am sure that it is being very *deceitful*! I cannot help that, said she, I want to leave off work. So then I said, But it is very *wrong* to *deceive* about any thing. To which she answered, I know that as well as you can tell me Miss; and if my sins trouble your conscience, you may pray to have them forgiven if you please; and then you may ease yourself and me at the same time.

Only think, Madam, what a manner of talking! And that is the way they do all day long, and use *such* words, and take God's name in vain so often, that it is quite dreadful. I do not mean that *all* do, for some to be sure are very good, and Miss *Candid* I like better and better every day; I never heard her say one wrong word, or do any thing she ought not to do since I first saw her; and she dislikes the ways of most of the other

scholars as much as I do. She loves reading, and has got several very pretty books, but we have not much time for them, for we have a great deal to learn every day, and but little time to learn it in: and beside our regular tasks, Mrs. *Steward* gives us little short sentences to learn by rote; which she says will be of great service to us when we come to read history, and help us much to understand both what we read, and what we hear in common conversation. She only *insists* upon having *one* learnt every day; but she *commends* much those who learn more. I dare say you do not know what sort of sentences I mean, so if I have time, I will write some at the bottom of this letter, or else get them ready by the next time I write. Our writing books too are more useful than common ones; for our copies are generally some one or two lines that may be of use for us to *remember*, as well as write.

I like Mrs. *Steward* very much indeed, I wish she would take care of the little ones, and let Miss *Starch* have the great ladies. The other day she talked to us all so *nicely*, you cannot think, about the fin

of having fortunes told, or minding what Gipsies said; for one came to the window, and many of the young ladies had theirs told. Mrs. *Steward* did not approve of it at all, and talked *so* kindly, and *so* sensibly, that she put me quite in mind of you; and I am sure you would have thought about it as she did. But some of the scholars did not like to hear her, and Miss *Stone* told me she went to sleep: but whether she did or not I cannot tell, for that perhaps may be only a *white lie*, as they call it. They tell fibs all day long, I think; and if they do not injure any body by them, say they are only *white lies*, and have no harm in them. And so it may be, they think their cheating has no harm in it; but I think it all very wicked for my part.

Mrs. *Steward* has forbidden all sorts of trash, such as *fruit, cakes, sugar-candy, barley-sugar, plums*, and those kind of things, from being eaten in the school; but for all that, they very often are, though she is very angry if she knows it; but they get the maids to buy them for them, and they bring a good deal when they come after the holidays; and as Mrs.

Steward thinks their parents have then taken care of them, she never examines their pockets, which they tell me are always pretty well loaded: however, they do not last a great while, for they generally are eaten up pretty soon. Sometimes some of the girls will keep, and sell them, either for money, or whatever else they like; and in these sort of bargains it is that *some* of them do *so* cheat. I will give you an instance, and then leave you to judge whether you can like that I should continue among such a sad set of children. One of the young ladies, a Miss *Thickness*, is embroidering a screen upon white sattin, and she neither likes the work, nor does it well, and often gets a good deal of anger about it; for she is obliged to do and undo it so often, that she quite spoils the gloss of the sattin, and makes it dirty and ugly. So one day, after she had unpicked a rose-bud two or three times, and Mrs. *Right* had been very angry, and threatened to punish her if she did not do it right the next time, she begged a Miss *Frankfort* to assist her, and promised if she would, to give her a quarter of a pound of barley-sugar, which

the maid had that day bought for her. For the sake of so large a reward Miss *Frankfort* (who embroiders remarkably well) undertook to do the rose-bud, and quite finished it before school-time was over, so that when Mrs. *Right* looked at it, instead of punishing Miss *Thickness*, as she threatened, she very much commended her work (as she thought it was.) As soon as we went to play Miss *Frankfort* asked for the barley-sugar, and Miss *Thickness* broke off a little bit, and declared, that was all she would give her. Miss *Frankfort* then said, she promised to give it *all* to her, and if she had thought she should have been cheated so, she would not have done one stitch of the rose-bud. I do not care for that, said Miss *Thickness*, the rose-bud is done now, and you may get the barley-sugar as you can, for I *vow* I will not give it you; you do not think I will be such a fool as to part with a whole quarter of a pound of barley-sugar, do you Miss? If you do, I assure you, you are much mistaken. No, no, I know a trick worth two of that; and I only said so to make you help me; because I knew you were so fond of

any thing sweet. *Very well Miss*, said Miss *Frankfort*, I will tell my governess how you cheat me, *that* I will; and I will tell her that you got the maids to buy you barley-sugar too, *that* I will, see if I do not. O! you may tell if you please, Miss, replied Miss *Thickness*, and then you will have the *pleasure* of hearing what she will say to you for doing my work for me, and for intending to have the barley-sugar yourself; so *tell* if you *dare*! *tell* if you *dare*! I am not at all afraid of you. In this manner they squabbed for some time, and at last Miss *Frankfort* went without the barley-sugar; so pray do not you think that was downright cheating? And these are the sort of tricks they practice all day long. Sometimes they say they will change their cakes or play-things with each other, and then the girl who has gotten both in her possession will not give up her own; but only laughs it off, telling the other, she ought to have been *sharper*, and understood *trap* better. And then, as it often happens, that the things they dispute about are such as Mrs. *Steward* would be displeased with either of them having,

they *neither* dare tell her, and so they both escape without any punishment for those things which are really wicked, and are sometimes beat when I am sure they do not deserve it, as I was the other day : I will tell you for what. I had turned all my money into my lap, to count how many stitches wide my purse was, when one of the young ladies (a Miss *Lapwing*) begged me to change two of my pretty six-pences with her for a shilling. I told her, if she pleased I would, and so I gave them to her directly, and she said, she would pay me the next time she went up stairs. I believe she did not go up the rest of the day : at least she took no more notice of it till the next morning, when she gave me as bad a shilling as you ever saw, with all the brass shining through the silver. So I said, I did not think it was a good one, and should be obliged to her if she would change it for some other. She then burst out a laughing, and said, if I did not like it, I might leave it, for she had no other for me. I was vexed to be so used, and told her she might be ashamed of doing so ; for it was being just

like a *thief*; and if she went on so, I did not doubt but she would come to be hanged in time. Upon my saying this, a great many of the ladies called out all at once, O fie, Miss *Beauchamp*! I wonder you are not ashamed to use such language, and tell a young lady that she is a *thief*, and will come to be *hanged*. And so she is, and so she will, said I, if she goes on so; for if now she will cheat a person of a *shilling*, when she grows a woman, she will not mind cheating any body of a *pound*, and many a person has been hung for *less* than that. In the middle of all this dispute Miss *Starch* came in, and desired to know what was the matter? O! not much, Madam, said Miss *Lapwing*; only Miss *Beauchamp* chuses to call me a *cheat*, and a *thief*, and says I deserve to be *hanged*, because by *mistake* I offered her a bad *shilling* in change for two *fixpences*, that is all, Madam. No, Madam, said I, it was *not* by *mistake*, if it had been, I should not have minded it, but Miss *Lapwing* told me, if I did not like it, I might leave it, but she had no other for me. And then Miss *Lapwing* stopping me, said, But I could have given

you back your two six-pences, Miss. I know you *could*, said I, but you were not going to do so; and that, I do say, was down right *cheating*. Miss *Starch* then came to me, and giving me a slap upon my cheek, said, How dare you Miss make use of such expressions! I dare say, that any of the ladies would *scorn* to *cheat* you; and you deserve to be well whipped for making use of such words, and calling them *thieves*; and if you did not practice such things yourself, you would never suspect others of it. She then took me by my shoulders, and shook me and beat me a good deal; but I felt so satisfied with not having done any thing wrong, that as Miss *Candid* says, I did not so much mind her, only I could not help being vexed to be used so, and then told that *I* would have done so myself. However, though it was only through *mistake*, that Miss *Lapwing* offered me a bad shilling, and she *could* have given me back my six-pences, yet, she never did; and yet she escaped any anger, whilst I had so much. And such instances as this happen almost every day to some body or other: so do not you think I had

much better be removed to some other school, if I may not have the happiness of being at home with you? which I think would be much the best scheme. So pray, my dear Madam, do think about it, and send me word how you determine. I have not time to write another word at present; beside desiring my duty to my Papa, and assuring you, that

I am,

Your very dutiful Daughter,

MARTHA BEAUCHAMP.

After Miss *Beauchamp* had finished her letter, she returned again to her play-fellows, anxiously waiting her Mamma's answer, which she received in a few days, and which was as follows:

Mrs. BEAUCHAMP to her DAUGHTER.

MY DEAR,

I AM much concerned to hear your situation still continues to be so disagreeable to you; but as I fear there

would not be the smallest chance of your finding it improved, were you to go to any other school, I certainly shall not think of removing you from the care of Mrs. *Steward*, whom I look upon as an exceeding worthy woman, and every way qualified for the important task she has undertaken. I wish indeed, that all her assistants were equally so, and that Miss *Starch* considered the great importance of real goodness of heart more, than, by your account, she seems to do. However, as you have no reason to think all the teachers at any other school would be more perfect than those at Mrs. *Steward's*, it would be to no purpose for you to change. And if, my dear, you suppose that the children whom you are now with, are worse than those you would meet with elsewhere, I fear you are much mistaken; for in every school I ever heard of, there are always numbers to be found, who perversely will practice every kind of naughtiness, if they think they can do it without being detected and punished. And for this reason it was, that I so particularly cautioned you before you left me, upon no account to let the bad ex-

amples of others tempt you to behave like them, and become guilty of their crimes. Those kind of arts and that deceit which you mention, I assure you, I look upon as *extremely wicked*; and there is great reason to fear, that those who practice them when young, will, in more advanced life, expose themselves to the danger of suffering from the laws of the land. Or, if they should have *cunning* enough to keep clear of those crimes for which punishment would be inflicted, yet, must they be despised by all good people, and regarded in no other light, than that of *artful deceivers*, whose honor can never be depended upon, and whose conversation can be valued as no better than falsehood: and, what is of still more importance than even the good opinion of all the world, the Almighty himself will behold them with abhorrence: no *crimes*, no *lies*, does he look upon as *white*, and therefore innocent. On the contrary, every degree of wickedness is abominable in his sight: he is of too pure a nature to behold iniquity with indifference; and those who practice it, he has solemnly declared, shall not always go unpunished.

If, therefore, Miss *Thickness*, Miss *Lapwing*, and those who behave like them, flatter themselves, because they escape the rod of their Governess, that their crimes are of no *consequence*, they are much mistaken; for if they have any regard to their future well-doing in this world, or the happiness of their immortal souls, they certainly *are* of very *great importance*: since, however, they may laugh at such tricks now, and think themselves very clever for practising them, they may be assured, that God regards them in a far different light; and so will they themselves too, when it will be too late to amend. Though they may disregard it now whilst in health, when they come to be sick, or may be dying, they will then wish they had been wise in time, and made God their friend; before that solemn moment when they must quit the world for ever, and receive the just reward of their wicked deeds. Think, my dear love, what terror those people must be in at the approach of death, who have all their lives been regardless of God, and neglected to perform those duties which

he commanded, as the only way to gain his approbation, and secure to themselves the joys of heaven. How must they then condemn themselves for their wilful folly and madness, in doing those things which they knew they ought not; and omitting to do what they were fully convinced they ought to have performed. At that solemn period, when all opportunities of recommending themselves to the favor of God shall be for ever passed, they will earnestly wish, that they had better attended in the days of their youth to the advice of their instructors and friends, and by walking in the paths of virtue all their lives, secured the approbation of their God, who would then comfort them in their sickness; and in the hour of their departure give them such sure hope in his mercy, as to enable them to quit this world with cheerfulness and pleasure, knowing that it would be exchanged for one far happier and more desirable.

These considerations, my *Martha*, I hope will be sufficient to make you resolutely persevere in doing what is right, notwithstanding any thing the naughty children in your school may do or say to

persuade you to the contrary. As for your being fearful lest they should corrupt, and make you like themselves; as long as you continue to have that fear, and to abhor their evil ways, so long you are in no danger: but the moment you begin to look upon their *arts* with indifference, and instead of detesting such deceit and meanness, regard it as a mark of *wit* and *cleverness*, that moment you stand upon the brink of ruin, and may be sure you will not be long before you commit the same crimes yourself. Never therefore suffer them to laugh you out of your present opinion, nor persuade you to look upon *cunning* and *dissimulation* as a proof of *sagacity* and *sense*; nor to regard *falsehood* and *deceit* as *innocent* and *harmless*. I would wish you, my dear, to avoid as much as possible, all connection with those who behave bad; some intercourse with them I suppose you must have, but let it be as short, and as little as you can, with civility; and whilst so good a girl as Miss *Candid* favors you with her company, I think you cannot be much in need of their conversation to amuse you. The

disgrace you fell into on account of Miss *Lapwing's* dishonesty, I think must convince you more forcibly than any arguments I can use, of the dangerous consequence of keeping bad company: and also shew you how far the crimes of one person may effect, and destroy the happiness even of the innocent. Innocent I do not in the least doubt that you were; I think therefore, my love, there was no occasion for you to be quite so hasty about it; perhaps if you had not so instantly accused her of being (what indeed she proved herself) a *cheat*, she might more readily have returned your money, than after she was so exasperated: at least you would then have been *entirely* free from blame; whereas by so very freely accusing her, you certainly was guilty of a great breach of politeness; I do not say more than she deserved to feel, but still, more than was quite pretty for you to offer. Gentleness and forbearance should at all times be the characteristics of a young lady's conduct, even to those who offend her; nor should she ever so degrade herself as to make use of rude or opprobrious language, since that is at all times unbe-

coming; and no crimes in another's behaviour can justify any errors in our own. At all times, therefore, my dear, when any one offends you, consider not so much what treatment *they* may *deserve*, as what will be the right method for you to behave in. Thus, if in any dispute one of the children were to pinch or strike you, it would doubtless be highly improper in you to return it, because she was *deserving* of such punishment. So in every other instance always try to act *right* yourself, and leave it to some superior power to recompense the evil of your adversary.

You cannot think how much satisfaction it afforded me, to find you had not been among the number of those who had their fortunes told; not that I should at all have regarded the predictions of the Gipsy, let them have been what they might; but because I think it an exceeding wrong thing to give any encouragement to such proceedings, and I am glad to find Mrs. Steward is of the same opinion. You say she talked to you all a good deal upon the subject; I doubt not what she said was well worthy your attention, and I hope you will be careful

to remember it, so as upon no occasion to consult with any who pretend to supernatural foresight. I must now, my dear, take my leave of you, as I expect the arrival of company every moment. Your brother continues very well, and grows every day: I think he will soon be able to walk. Your papa desires his love to you, and says, he should much like to know what kind of short sentences they are which Mrs. Steward gives you to learn; he hopes also you take pains with your writing, and every other branch of your learning: in which hope I most ardently join for many reasons, *one* of which is, that it will the sooner restore you to the arms of your

Affectionate Mother,

JEMIMA BEAUCHAMP.

Little *Martha* received the foregoing letter, as she always did, with the sincerest delight; and notwithstanding the derision she met with on account of her tears the last time, she could not repress

the drops of heart-felt affection from again trembling in her eyes, as she perused the concluding passage of her mamma's letter: and forgetting the company she was in, ardently exclaimed, "Sooner restore me to your arms! yes, I will, day and night endeavour to improve, or do *any* thing that shall restore me to your arms!" Here she was interrupted in her soliloquy by the rude bursts of laughter from many of her school-fellows, one of whom called out, *O! Goodness! Gracious me! what fun* it is to see Miss *Beauchamp* have a letter from her mamma! I am sure it is as good as a *comedy!* I declare it always makes me laugh till I am ready to *die!* Do pray, continued she, turning to *Martha*, favor us with that fine speech again, I am sure all the ladies will be much obliged to you; for my part, I will quite *worship* you, if you will be so kind. Then falling upon her knees before Miss *Beauchamp*, and putting her hands together, she went on in a whining tone of voice, Permit me humbly to beseech you, *sweetest, kindest, prettiest* Miss *Beauchamp*, to grant us the happiness of hearing that *divine* sentence that dropped

from those *cherry* lips. Let me intreat you to hear my prayer, and grant me the supreme satisfaction of once more hearing that fine speech about *Night* and *Day*, *Day* and *Night*, and flying to somebody's arms; *pray* do, I *beg* you will, and so A-a-a-amen.

How *can* you behave so? said *Martha*, shocked at her burlesque manner of devotion, I wonder you are not ashamed of *making believe* to pray; but I do not much think you ever do it in *earnest*, if you did, you would not play at such serious things. O! *lack-a-day*, replied her worshipper, turning out her under lip as she spoke, how I do *love* such *wisdom* as Miss *Beauchamp*, and Miss *Candid*, and Miss *Longs*, and Miss *Lloyd*, and Miss *This*, and Miss *That*, and Miss *T'other*, and half the cross Misses in the school abound with. Love it you? said Miss *Grumpton*, I am sure I *cannot abide* it, I *bate* it as much as *poison*. I never can endure such *over-wise* folk, who would not for the *world* do any thing that was not quite right; but I will warrant them, though *butter will not melt in their mouths*, *cheese will not break them*.

Martha was going to reply, but recollecting the advice she had just received from her mamma, cast on them a look of the utmost contempt for their unmerited abuse, and joined herself with Miss *Candid*; to whom she was shewing her letter, when Miss *Grumpton* going softly behind her, snatched it out of her hand, and crumpling it up, ran away with it, and put it into her pocket. Poor *Martha's* distress at this treatment, is not to be described. She felt not only the sincerest regret of loosing what she so highly valued, together with resentment for the indignant manner in which it was taken from her; but also she was under the most painful apprehensions lest it should fall into the hands of Miss *Starch*; or even supposing she should not see it, there was but little chance that Miss *Thickness*, Miss *Lapwing*, and those whose names or crimes were mentioned, would let her remain in ignorance of the censure Mrs. *Beauchamp* had cast upon her conduct. Added to all which, she well knew the unkind treatment she should receive from numbers of her school-fellows, upon the discovery of her having acquainted her

mamma with all the transactions that passed there. Tortured, therefore, with all these suggestions, and forgetting the advice contained in the paper which she so much wished to rescue, she ran after Miss *Grumpton* with all her speed, and catching hold of the skirt of her frock, tore it above half a yard out of the binding. Miss *Grumpton* then turning round, gave her a severe blow upon the back of her hand, to make her let go, which accordingly she did; but still more exasperated by the pain, she jumped forward with all her strength, and taking hold of Miss *Grumpton's* hair, which hung in curls down her back, twisted her hand tight in it, and, regardless of her kicks and blows, screamed out for Miss *Candid* to come to her assistance, who instantly obeyed, as she was closely following her, having left her seat to run after the letter at the same time that *Martha* did. But notwithstanding she was so nigh, her assistance was rendered vain by the interposition of Miss *Lapwing*, who being taller and stronger, got the letter from Miss *Grumpton*, before Miss *Candid* possibly could.

Martha, upon again seeing her letter, left *Miss Grumpton*, though not without having pulled off a great deal of hair, and ran, or rather flew, to *Miss Lapwing*, declaring she *would* have the letter, and nothing should prevent her from getting it.

By this time all was noise and confusion throughout the whole school: every one endeavouring to make herself be heard, and not one chusing to listen. The letter, in the mean time, was tossed about from one to the other, whilst she kept running alternately to each, calling out, *I will have it!* At last she discovered one of the girls, who was farthest from the bustle, opening it, and beginning to read it aloud; whilst she was kept at a distance by *Miss Lapwing*, *Miss Grumpton*, *Miss Stone*, and about a dozen others, from whom it was utterly impossible for her to escape. Thus situated, she thought nothing could add to her mortification: she therefore began screaming out the names of *Mrs. Steward* and *Mrs. Right*, as loud as she possibly could, which soon brought them, (accompanied by *Miss Starch* and *Mrs. Davis*,) into the room, to see what was the cause of all

the confusion they heard, which at first they had taken for play. At the moment they entered, *Martha* was endeavouring to bite the hands of a Miss *Fangly*, a great girl, who was holding her by the arms to prevent her going to her letter, and at the same time, making the most use she could of her feet, to induce her to set her at liberty. Mrs. *Steward*, who, from the first moment of her arrival, had always found her a most tractable and gentle child, was astonished to find her so engaged; and the more so, when, upon Miss *Fangly's* letting her go, she, regardless of Mrs. *Steward*, instantly ran to Miss *Sneak*, who had then put the letter into her pocket, and, with the most angry voice, said, *Give it me now!* Mrs. *Steward* assuming an air of severity, called upon Miss *Beauchamp* to give an account of her strange, furious behaviour; but inattentive to that, she only repeated as before, *Give it me now!* Mrs. *Steward* then going to her, took her by the hand, which was covered with bruises and scratches, and in a voice of absolute authority, again demanded the reason of her bad behaviour.

Martha, whose spirit had only been kept up by her eagerness to regain her mamma's letter, finding that her cause no longer depended upon her own strength, burst into a flood of tears, and looking up to *Mrs. Steward*, said, *Indeed, Madam*, if I have behaved bad, I could not help it; they took away my mamma's letter, and they will not let me have it again, and I do not like they should read it; and I only wanted to get it again. And is this the real truth? demanded *Mrs. Steward*, looking round at all her scholars. *Indeed, Madam, it is!* replied *Miss Candid*. *Yes, that was the whole!* said *Miss Lloyd*; and excepting that she was rather in a passion, I do not think *Miss Beauchamp* was at all to blame. And who was it, enquired *Mrs. Steward*, that *dared* to take a letter not designed for them? It was *Miss Grumpton* snatched it from me, said *Martha*, but many of the ladies have had it since; and *Miss Sneak* began to read it. Then *Miss Grumpton* and *Miss Sneak*, replied *Mrs. Steward*, shall be *severely punished*. No person dislikes the necessity of inflicting punishment more than I do, and few people, I believe, do it seldomer;

but such *dishonorable actions*, such *meanneſs*, I will not, I cannot ſuffer. Miſs *Fangly* too, I myſelf ſaw engaged; and all thoſe who helped to confine Miſs *Beauchamp*, I ſhall look upon as parties concerned: they ſhall therefore not wholly eſcape, but the correction of the two moſt guilty, ſhall be the moſt ſevere. She then ordered Miſs *Sneak* to return the letter, which was moſt ſadly tumbled and torn. Then turning to Miſs *Beauchamp*, My dear, ſaid ſhe, I am ſorry for the very uncivil treatment you have met with; at the ſame time, I cannot but expreſs my ſurpriſe at ſeeing you in ſo great a paſſion; nor ſhould I have expected ſuch behaviour from you. That you ſhould be angry with thoſe young ladies (though indeed they deſerve not the name of *ladies*) who took, and kept your letter, I am not at all ſurpriſed: nay, not to feel diſpleaſed at ſuch treatment, would be quite impoſſible: but ſtill, my dear, though offended, we are not to ſuffer our paſſions to tranſport us beyond all bounds, and permit ourſelves to kick and bite like dogs, who have no underſtanding or reaſon to guide them: by ſo doing, we

make ourselves partakers of the crimes of those who offend us, and become guilty, like them, of a real sin. Let me therefore beg of you to be more upon your guard for the future, and never again, upon any occasion, suffer yourself to be so transported by rage.

Martha continued crying, and assured *Mrs. Steward*, that she would never be guilty of the same fault again; and I would not have minded it now, added she, if it had been any thing else; but I could not bear to have my mamma's letter taken away. As for saying you would not have *minded* had it been any thing *else* they had taken from you, replied *Mrs. Steward*, is ridiculous; since there would be no merit in submitting to what gave you no uneasiness: and had *had any thing else* equally vexed you, no doubt you would have been *equally* provoked. The merit, therefore, of meekness consists in displaying itself when circumstances *displease* and *distress* us, and not in being composed when nothing contradicts our inclinations. Endeavour, therefore, my dear, to be more collected for the future, and on no account permit your resentment

to get the better of your reason: and though I detest that fretfulness of temper, which likes upon every little incident to be telling of tales, and enjoys the punishment of others; still, when such insults as you have now received are offered, I would much rather that the injured party should inform me of it, and ask my assistance, than with their own *hands, feet, and teeth*, attempt to avenge themselves.

Mrs. Steward here stopped, and turning to those who had ungenerously assisted in preventing *Martha* from recovering her letter, ordered them all to sit quite still, till they had learned the tasks they were to repeat the next morning, and then immediately to go to-bed without their suppers. She then took hold of Miss *Grumpton* and Miss *Sneak's* hand, and led them into her parlour, where they underwent the very severe punishment which they so amply merited for their *ungenerous and dishonorable* behaviour.

Little *Martha*, whose gentle heart was appeased and ready to pardon all, the moment she received back her letter, was much afflicted at the thought of having been the occasion of so many of her

school-fellows being punished; and if she before cried through vexation, she now shed tears of compassion for their sufferings. I cannot, said she, endure the thought that so many should be made uncomfortable upon my account. I was very angry with them to be sure, just now, when they would not let me have my letter; but now I have gotten it again, I do not like they should suffer. Beside, if the ladies disliked me before, they will now quite *bate* me: I will therefore run to Mrs. *Steward*, and beg her to forgive them all. She was then hastening out of the room, but Mrs. *Right* telling her to return, commended her for her good-nature, and then added, Mrs. *Steward*, my dear, never punishes but when she thinks it absolutely necessary, and then no intreaties will prevail upon her to pardon: It will therefore be to no purpose for you to go, as I am certain, your governess will not alter her resolution. Nor indeed, in the present instance, would it be proper that she should; for though *mercy* is at all times a virtue, yet, there are times when *justice* is no less necessary;

and to suffer such crimes as the ladies have now been guilty of to go unpunished, would be shewing a very wrong degree of lenity, and give encouragement to every species of dishonor and meanness: for the person who will be mean spirited enough to read a letter not designed for them to see, will not scruple to commit any action however ungenerous, if by it they can gratify their curiosity, or in any degree benefit themselves. Be contented, therefore, my dear Miss *Beauchamp*, to let them suffer the just rewards of their naughtiness; and, I doubt not, but they will acquit you of all blame on the occasion, as they must be sensible that they are punished for their *own bad behaviour*, and not merely on your account.

Martha, therefore, finding she could be of no service to her school-fellows, spent the rest of the afternoon in talking to Miss *Candid*, and learning her lesson for the next morning.

When the hour came for them to go to-bed, she went up stairs with no very pleasing prospect in passing the night with Miss *Grumpton*; but happily she either was, or pretended to be asleep, and *Martha*

took great care not to disturb her slumbers by either touching or speaking to her.

When they arose the next day, *Martha*, unwilling to shew any resentment for what had passed, kindly offered to assist her in dressing: to which she received no other reply than, No, thank you, Miss, I want none of your assistance. And no farther conversation passed between them before they went into the school.

At noon Miss *Beauchamp* much wished to write to her mamma an account of all that had happened about her last letter; but always more desirous of complying with the requests of her friends than following her own inclinations, instead of either going to play, or write, what she most wished, she busied herself with transcribing some of those sentences she had learned since she had been at school, and which her papa sent her word he should be glad to see. Those she at that time wrote, were as follow:

“THE earth on which we live, is supposed to be in the shape of a large

turnip. That is, *nearly* round, but not quite so; being rather flatter at those two parts which are called the poles than an exact globe will admit of. It is about twenty-four thousand miles round it, or in circumference; and about eight thousand miles through it, or what is called its diameter.

“ Exactly one half of the earth is North, and the other South; and the line on the globe in the middle, which divides it, is called the *Equator*, because it divides it *equally*.

“ *Great Britain* is an Island situated in the North half of the globe: it is about six hundred and sixty miles long, and three hundred miles wide, at the widest part of it.

“ *Great Britain* is divided into *England*, *Scotland*, and *Wales*. *Scotland* is nearly half the Island, and is North of *England*. *Wales* is twelve counties taken out of the Western side of *England*, which contains forty counties beside.

“ The names of the chief rivers in *England* are the *Thames*, the *Severn*, and the *Humber*.

“ The shape of *Great Britain* is triangular : the names of which angles are, to the West, *Lizard Point* ; to the East, *Foreland*, or *Sandwich* near *Dover* ;— and to the North, *Stratchy-head*.

“ *England* is bounded by the rivers *Tweed* and *Solway*, and the mountains of *Chiviot*, which divide it from *Scotland* ; and the rest is surrounded by the ocean.

“ The Clergy of *England* consists of two Archbishops, one of *Canterbury*, and the other of *York* ; twenty-four Bishops ; twenty-six Deans ; sixty Archdeacons ; five hundred and forty-four Prebends ; and above nine thousand seven hundred Rectors, many of whom have the care of more than one church, and beside these a great number of Curates.

“ The Archbishop of *Canterbury* is first Peer of the realm, and takes place of all, except the royal family.

“ The titles of the *English* nobility are those of *Dukes*, *Marquises*, *Earls*, *Viscounts*, and *Barons*. All the younger sons of *Dukes* and *Marquises* are *Lords*. Only the eldest son of an *Earl* has that title ; but his younger sons, as also those of *Viscounts*, and all the sons of *Barons*,

have no other title than that of *Gentlemen*.

“ *Baronets, Knights, and Esquires*, are called *Gentlemen*, or *gentry*, and make part of the commons.

“ No one is allowed to stand with his hat on before the King of *England*, except *De Courcy, Baron of Kinsale in Ireland*.”

By the time *Martha* had written the few foregoing sentences, which she so perfectly remembered as to need nothing to copy from but her own recollection, she was interrupted by several of the young ladies, who begged she would come and join with them at play. *Martha* was sorry to quit the employment she was engaged in; but as she was fearful they might think her ill-natured if she refused, she instantly put by her writing, and attended them into the garden, where they were always allowed to spend an hour or two every day when the weather was fine.

They had not been long out, before their pleasure was much interrupted by the quarrelsome disposition of Miss *Grump-ton*; who insisted upon it, that Miss *Beauchamp* and her party, encroached too much upon herself and her friends, who were

in the garden first, and consequently (she insisted) *ought* to play in what part of it they pleased. And so you may, said *Martha*, only give us leave to be *somewhere*; and, I am sure, we do not wish to disturb, or come near you: chuse, therefore, which side you will have, and we will take the other. *Indeed*, replied Miss *Grumpton*, I will not be accountable to you, Miss, for what part I will go to; but I will play on *both* sides the garden if I like it, without asking you leave. With all my heart, said *Martha* coolly, and then, without taking any further notice, she and her companions again went to play. But Miss *Grumpton*, vexed at being so disregarded, was resolved, by some mean or other, to claim attention: she, therefore, most rudely intruded herself into Miss *Beauchamp*'s party, interrupting every game they begun, by mocking, and, in a taunting tone of voice, repeating every word they said: particularly she strove to provoke Miss *Beauchamp*, that she might have an opportunity of complaining of her to Miss *Starch* or her governess, and have the despicable pleasure of seeing her punished, which she thought

would be a good revenge for the sufferings she herself underwent on account of the letter.

But all her malicious attempts were to no purpose, *Martha*, though she had been provoked beyond what was right, when she saw her mamma's letter taken from her, and dreaded what the consequences of its being seen would be, was yet of too sweet a temper to be easily ruffled in matters of less importance. Instead, therefore, of growing angry, or making any rude retort, as *Miss Grumpton* wished; she, with a smile of good-humour, said, I do think *Miss Grumpton* punishes herself more than she can us; for she has left her own party to make herself quite ridiculous, by repeating like a parrot every word she hears others say; and I am sure the grimaces she puts herself into looks so droll, that it is impossible to keep from laughing at her; I think therefore, we are much obliged to her for the entertainment which she affords us. Why indeed, said *Miss Long*, I do not think she is worthy of our resentment, or even of our notice; so whatever she says, let us disregard, and give her no answer.

That may be a fit punishment for her rudeness, said Miss *Candid*, but yet I must confess it is very disagreeable to have a magpie chattering in our ears, and interrupting every thing we say or do: so do go, there is a good girl, said she, turning to Miss *Grumpton*. I will sooner die than leave off *plaguing* you, replied she! I warrant you I will make you think me worthy of notice, for you shall not all treat me as if I was only a *parrot* or a *magpie*; I will not put up with it, that I will not, not even from you Miss *Beauchamp*, and at the same time gave her a pinch on the cheek.

Martha, very far from returning it, only stepped suddenly back; unfortunately her foot went into a hole which had just been dug in the border, and finding herself falling, she caught hold of Miss *Grumpton*'s arm; who not being strong enough to save her, fell down at the same time. Not being at all hurt, she secretly rejoiced at the accident, as it afforded her, she thought, a just ground of complaint against poor *Martha*. Instead therefore of waiting one moment to enquire whether she was hurt, though herself had

been the occasion of her fall, she ran in doors, to shew her dirty frock to Miss *Starch*, and tell her that Miss *Beauchamp* had pulled her down on purpose; because she did not like to let her play with her party.

Miss *Starch*, upon hearing this representation, instantly sent for *Martha*, who, with the confidence that conscious innocence ever affords, directly obeyed the summon, though she liked not the thought of appearing before Miss *Starch*, not doubting but Miss *Grumpton* had prejudiced her against her; the truth of which suspicion she was well convinced of the moment she entered the room. Miss *Starch*, who was standing, advanced toward her, and snatching hold of her before she had time to finish her curtsy, gave her such a sudden pull, as very near dragged her upon her face: then, in an angry tone, Miss *Beauchamp*, said she, What is the reason of this behaviour? You are always quarrelling, and getting into some mischief. Indeed, Madam, said *Martha*, I was not quarrelling, I did not do it on purpose, and if Miss *Grumpton* is hurt—Hold your tongue, replied Miss

Starch, giving her a slap on the shoulder, I will not hear a word more; you are a very naughty girl, and deserve to be *well whipped*. Pray, Madam, interrupted *Martha*, let me tell you *how* it was. I will not hear a syllable upon the subject, replied Miss *Starch*, I can tell you, that you are a very rude, naughty little *thing*, and ought to be *whipped* for dirting yourself so: see here is a frock! what a condition it is in! did you ever behold any thing like it in your life! I could not help it, Madam, replied *Martha*; but Miss *Starch* again insisted upon her being silent, telling her she was always behaving more like a *rude bear* than a young lady; but, continued she, you shall not go to play any more, I assure you; but shall sit still and learn a task. She then gave her the following piece, declaring that she should have no dinner till she could say it perfect.

“ The surface of the earth is composed of two parts, *Land* and *Water*. That part which is land is called as follows:

“ A *Continent* is a large space of dry land, of *Countries*, *Kingdoms*, and *States*,

all joined, without being separated by sea; it is also called the *Main-land*, as *Europe*, and *Asia*.

“ An *Island* is a space of land surrounded by water, such as *Great Britain*, *Ireland*, *Sicily*.

“ A *Peninsula* is almost an island, except one narrow neck of land, which joins it to the continent, such as the *Morea*, which joins to *Greece*; and *Africa* is a large peninsula joining to *Asia*.

“ An *Isthmus* is that narrow neck of land which joins the peninsula to the continent, as the *Isthmus of Darien*, or *Panama*, which joins *North* and *South America*, and the *Isthmus of Suez* that joins *Africa* to *Asia*.

“ A *Promontory* is a high point of land extending a considerable way into the sea, the extremity of which is called a *Cape*, or *Headland*, as the *Cape of Good Hope* in *Africa*.

“ A *Mountain* is a rising part of dry land; if small in extent, or height, it is then called a *Hill*; the low ground at the bottom of a hill, or between two, is called a *Vale*.

“ A *Coast*, or *Shore*, is all that land which borders upon the sea, whether it is in islands or continents.”

Martha, who was always exceedingly attentive to whatever employment she was about, though she could not help being rather vexed at being so unjustly confined, still wisely considering it would answer no good purpose to fret, or cry about what she could not remedy, sat herself down very quietly, and before the dinner-bell rang, was perfect mistress of the task *Miss Starch* had given her; and so far was she from being tired of *learning*, that after dinner, fearful lest she might again *undesignedly* offend if she engaged in play, and anxious to improve every moment of time whilst at school, she, without being desired, learned the following passages, in continuation of what *Miss Starch* had set her.

“ A *River* is a stream of water issuing out of one or more springs, or fountains: the place where it runs into another river is called the *influx*, or *confluence*. All rivers empty themselves into some sea, and their union is called the *mouth* of the river.

“ The *Sea* is a large quantity of salt water, surrounded by land on all parts excepting one; where a narrow passage (called a straight,) joins it to some other sea or ocean.

“ An *Ocean* is a vast collection, or extent of water undivided by any main land: such as the *Atlantick*, or *Western* ocean, between *Europe* and *America*.”

In maps the sea is generally left a clear space, except where there are rocks, sands, creeks, shelves, currents of water, or wind described. The land is distinguished from the sea by little short strokes to represent the shores or coasts.

“ A *Lake* is a collection of deep standing water, *entirely* surrounded with land, without any visible and open communication with the sea.

“ A *Gulph* is an arm of the sea that runs into the land, with a narrow entrance. If this entrance is large, it is called a *Bay*. If the *Gulph* is very large, it is rather called an *inland sea*.

“ A *Straight* is a passage between two shores, from one sea to another. If the straight is very broad it is called a *channel*, as that between *England* and *France*.

“ A *Continent* is a large tract of land, as is an *ocean* of water. An island is land encompassed with water; and a lake is water encompassed with land.

“ A *Peninsula* is the same with regard to the land, as a *gulf* or *inland sea* is to the water.

“ A *Promontory* or *Cape* at land, is like a *creek* or a *bay* at sea.

“ An *Isthmus*, which joins two *lands*, is like a *straight* which joins two *seas*, only the one is land and the other water.”

By the time Miss *Beauchamp* had learned thus much, she was summoned to school, where she acquitted herself as she always did, to the great satisfaction of her instructors. After school was over she begged the favor of Mrs. *Steward* to hear her repeat what she had learned by heart during the play-time, since school had finished in the morning. Mrs. *Steward* very readily complied with her request, and commended her much for her industry. She then gave her the following little short instructive passages to learn when she pleased, telling her at the same time, that though she was rejoiced to see her make the great improvements which

she daily did, yet would she upon no account have her omit to spend some part of her time in play, as exercise and amusement were absolutely necessary to preserve every body, particularly young people, in *health* and *spirits*: without which blessings, added she, it is impossible to make proficiency in any thing. Beside your *French*, your *grammar*, and your *spelling*, which you have daily to learn by heart, I do not desire more than one of the passages that I am now giving you, to be said perfectly every day; which though but a small piece at a time, will soon greatly add to your store of knowledge. Take then, my dear, this paper, and by to-morrow night I shall expect you to repeat one of the passages to me.

Martha then took it, and assured her, that her own endeavours should not be wanting to render her every thing that either she or her parents could wish her to be. Then going to Miss *Candid*, they looked it over together, and found that it contained as follows:

“ *Ninus* established the *Assyrian* empire about 2000 years before *Christ*.

“ *Cyrus* was founder of the ancient *Persian* empire, he died 529 years before *Christ*. *Persia* is a kingdom of *Asia*, and *Ispahan* is its capital.

“ *Darius Codomanus* was the last king of the ancient *Persian* empire: he was slain by *Bessus* his own General, 330 years before *Christ*.

“ *Lacedemon*, or *Sparta*, is now called *Misistra*; it is a city of *Greece* in *European Turkey*. The ancient city was built above 1069 years before *Christ*.

“ *Athens*, a famous city of ancient *Greece*, is now subject to the *Turks*. Its inhabitants used to be remarkably famous for excelling in *eloquence*, the *arts*, and *politeness* of *manners*. *Solon* was its renowned law-giver, as *Licurgus* was of *Sparta*, and *Minos* of *Crete*.

“ *Lacedemon*, *Athens*, and *Corinth*, are all in *Greece*.

“ *Alexander the Great*, was king and founder of the *Macedonian* empire, (now a province of *European Turkey*) he died in the thirty-second year of his age, 323 years before the birth of *Christ*.

“ *Rome*, the capital of *Italy*, was founded by *Romulus* its first king 753 years before *Christ*; he was succeeded by *Numa Pompilius*.

“ *Caius Julius Cæsar*, a famous Roman General, was assassinated in the fifty-sixth year of his age, 43 years before *Christ*. *Pompey the Great* was his renowned rival. He was murdered 48 years before *Christ*.

“ *Mark Anthony* was likewise a renowned Roman General and Triumvir; he died thirty years before *Christ*. A Triumvir is a man who is joined with two others in any post or employment.

“ *Marcus Tullius Cicero* was a celebrated Roman Orator, who was murdered in the sixty-third year of his age, by order of *Mark Anthony*, against whom he had made several severe orations.

“ *Pharsalus* is a town of *Thessaly*, in the plains of which the famous battle was fought between *Julius Cæsar* and *Pompey*, which therefore was called the battle of *Pharsalia*.

“ *Pyrrhus* was King of *Epirus*, a province of *European Turkey*; he was a mighty hero and a great politician, and

was killed by a tile which a woman threw at his head whilst he was fighting with her son, 272 years before *Christ*.

“*Erostratus* burnt a magnificent temple that was dedicated to the goddess *Diana*, for the sake of making himself remarkable, and that his fame might be recorded after his death.

“*Zoroaster* was head, or chief, of the Magi in *Persia*.

“*Apothetæ* was a deep cave, into which it is said all the unpromising children of *Sparta* were thrown down to perish, as unworthy the expence it would require to rear them.

“*Hugo* was the first cardinal: he made the first concordance; and was the first who divided the scriptures into chapters.

“In the twelfth century the *Waldenses*, and *Albigenses* began to be very famous for their defence of the Protestant religion; and being dispersed in various places, were distinguished by various appellations. Their first and most proper name appears to have been *Vallenses*, because they abode in the valley of tears, alluding to their situation in the *Vallies* of

Piedmont, into which, from the neighbouring hills, the snow runs trickling down, when melted by the sun in the summer months. They were also called *Albigenses* from *Alby*, a city in the southern parts of *France*. They were afterward called *Valdenses*, or *Waldenses*, from *Peter Valdo*, or *Waldo*, a rich citizen of *Lyons*, a considerable leader of the sect. After that they were called *Leonists* and *Cathari*. They were likewise in *Germany* and *England* called *Lollards*, from one *Walter Lollard*, who preached against all Popery.

“*William Sawtre* was the first who was burnt for heresy in *England* in the reign of *Henry the fourth*. *Sir John Oldcastle* was the first nobleman who suffered in *England* for the same cause.

“In the year 1517, in the sixteenth century, *Luther* began publicly to preach against the Pope; which is usually reckoned the æra of the reformation; though preparation had been making for it some years before.”

Although *Mrs. Steward* had told *Martha* that she did not expect more than one of the foregoing sentences to be

learned in a day, yet, so great was her desire to improve, that in less than a week she could repeat them all perfectly, without omitting a single word.

When Mrs. *Steward* heard her, she was quite delighted with her love of learning. My dear, said she, you cannot think what pleasure it affords me, to find you so diligent in acquiring knowledge; and I doubt not, but in a short time you will be able to understand, and find great improvement, in reading the histories from which those detached pieces were taken: and then, having imprinted on your memory the names of some of the most remarkable characters you will meet with; their various exploits will make deeper impression on your mind, and you will, with greater ease be able to recollect the particulars of the histories. Just as Mrs. *Steward* had said this, she was interrupted by Miss *Polly White*, who coming to her with Gay's fables in her hand, begged the favor of her to explain what those words "The Father and *Jupiter*" meant; and then beginning with, "The man to *fore* his suit prefer'd." Now, pray Madam, continued she, what does *Jupiter* and

Jove mean? for I cannot understand it. And indeed, my dear, replied Mrs. *Steward*, I scarcely know how to explain it, so as to make you comprehend me. But I suppose you already know, that some nations (indeed at one time, *all* the nations of the earth except the *Jews*) were *idolators*; and instead of worshipping the *One true God*, paid their adoration to images which their own hands had made. Thus, in the Bible you read, that *Ashtoreth* was Goddess of the *Zidonians*; *Chemosh* the God of the *Moabites*; *Milcoln* the God of the children of *Ammon*; *Baalzebub* the God of *Ekron*; *Dagon* the God of the *Philistines*; and *Molech*, *Mebushtan*, *Bell*, and many others you there read of were called Gods. When once mankind forsake the worship of the living God, there is no saying into what absurdities they may not fall; and from supposing it necessary to have a God for every *nation*, by degrees they began to think there must be a deity to preside, not only over every *place*, but also over each of the *elements*; and even the *actions* and *passions* of men were supposed to have a particular divinity to direct them. Hence arose those innumerable

Gods and Goddesſes whose names you often meet with in poetry. Now, indeed, the belief in them is happily exploded, and they are only mentioned as fictitious beings to represent either the passions of men, or to add grace to a poem, as in the one which you have now before you. *Jupiter*, or *Jove*, (who was reckoned the chief or father of all the other Gods) is represented as granting the petitions of men; and at the same time the fable shews us, the *folly*, as well as *ſin* of pointing out by what particular mean we chuse to be blessed, instead of leaving it to Supreme Wisdom to do that with us which he thinks best. *Plutus* was reckoned the God of *riches*; and in the fable of the Miser and *Plutus*, you see he is introduced by the poet as censuring those who make a bad use of his gifts. The moral of which is, that those crimes people commit by mean of their wealth, are entirely owing to *themselves*, and not the fault of their *riches*, since they might have been made the instruments of blessing numbers of their fellow creatures, and by those means proved the most delightful comfort to their possessors. *Mars*

was the God of *war*. In poetry or fable, therefore, very frequently instead of wishing a person plainly success in battle, they are recommended to the protection of *Mars*. And *Minerva*, who was the supposed Goddess of *wisdom* and *learning*, is often invoked by the poets to inspire either themselves or others with those perfections: and thus all of them upon different occasions you will frequently find mentioned. I will therefore give you a list of their names, and over what they were thought to preside; that you may be the better able to understand what you read, when at any time you find them mentioned.

Miss *White* thanked her for the offer; and *Martha* begged that she likewise might be allowed to learn their names.

Mrs. *Steward* then gave the following list to Miss *White*, desiring her to give it to Miss *Beauchamp* as soon as she had done with it; which she promising to do, made a curtsy, and went away.

NAMES of the HEATHEN
DEITIES.

JUPITER, or *Jove*, the chief, or God whom all the others were obliged to obey.

Neptune, God of the sea.

Pluto, of hell.

Vulcan, of fire.

Apollo, of wisdom and music.

Mercury, of eloquence.

Mars, of war.

Bacchus, of wine.

Cupid, of love.

Æolus, of the wind.

Saturn, of time.

Castor and Pollux, of mariners.

Pan, of countrymen.

Plutus, of riches.

Hymen, of marriage.

Æsculapius, of physic.

Sylvanus, of the woods.

Faunus, of the groves.

Tithonus, of the morning.

Palæmon and Glaucus, of swimmers.

Silenus, of drunkards.

GODDESSES.

Juno, the chief, wife to *Jupiter*.

Minerva, or *Pallas*, of learning and arms.

Venus, of love.

Proserpine, Goddess of hell.

Vesta, of fire.

Diana, of hunting.

Ceres, of corn.

Aurora, of the morning.

Thetis, of the sea.

Bellona, of war.

Astræa, of justice.

Hebe, of youth.

Nemesis, of revenge.

Suadella, of eloquence.

The *Naiades*, Nymphs of the fountains.

The *Hamadryades*, Nymphs of the woods.

Besides these Goddesses, there were three supposed beings called the *Graces*. *Aglaia*, who presided over beauty; *Thalia*, over youth; and *Euphrosyne*, over cheerfulness. There were likewise nine *Muses*, called *The Nine*, who were supposed to

be the daughters of *Jupiter* and the Goddess *Meremosyne*, or *Memory*: Their names are,

Calliope, who presides over rhetoric, and epic poetry.

Clio, over history.

Erato, over love poetry.

Thalia, over epigrammatics, or comedy.

Melpomene, over elegies.

Terpsichore, over dramatics.

Euterpe, over mimicry.

Polyhymnia, over panegyrist.

Urania, over mystical, or divine poetry.

They were feigned to inhabit *Parnassus*, *Helicon*, and *Pindus*. Two fountains belonging to them, were called *Hippocrene* and *Castalia*. The fountain of *Hippocrene* was said to spring out of mount *Helicon*, upon its being kicked by *Pegasus*, which was a horse represented by the poets to have wings. Besides the *Graces* and *Muses*, there were also three *Furies*: *Alecto*, *Megara*, and *Tisiphone*.

When Miss *White* had looked over the paper given her by her governess, finding herself at that time much less inclinable to sit down to study than to go to play, she gave it to Miss *Beauchamp*, telling her

(as she was not then going to make any use of it), she might, if she chose, learn it first. *Martha* thanked her for the offer, and directly began to read it; and being blessed with an exceeding good memory, she was not long before she could repeat the different names and provinces of all the imaginary beings; which the next day she did to *Mrs. Steward*; and then enquired of her, if she thought it possible for reasonable creatures ever to give credit to all that abominable nonsense? I will not, replied *Mrs. Steward*, pretend to say that what you have now been learning about *Pegasus* and *Helicon* were ever really believed by any one, for the *Graces*, the *Furies*, and the *Nine* were beings purely of the Poets imagination.

But that list of gods and goddesses which you have been reading, were most, if not all of them, supposed to be deities worthy of receiving divine honors and worship, and this too by a people who boasted much of their learning and knowledge, fancying themselves superior to all other nations of the world; and indeed, comparatively speaking, the *Greeks* far surpassed most of the heathen nations.

But, unenlightened by *divine revelation*, you see into what errors and absurdities the wisest of mankind are liable to fall : how thankful therefore, my dear girl, should *we* be who are blessed with the word of God to guide us into the *truth*, nor left to our own weak reasons, to form whatever absurd notions our imaginations might lead us to. Gratefully therefore, my dear Miss *Beauchamp*, let us improve this most inestimable blessing, by spending our lives agreeable to the dictates there taught us ; for we may assure ourselves, unless we are more *bel*, it will be to little purpose that our *faith* is *purer* than was the heathens ; since God will certainly judge all mankind according to the respective advantages they each enjoy ; and those who *know* their Lord's will, and do it *not*, will most undoubtedly be beaten with far more, and heavier stripes, than those who know it not, and *therefore* commit things worthy of stripes, “ For to whomsoever much is given, of them will much be required. We therefore who enjoy the glorious light of the gospel, may be very certain, we shall be called to a much stricter reckoning, than

those nations of the world who have not been so highly blessed.

Little *Martha* listened with great attention to *Mrs. Steward*, and could not help being very sorry that she was so soon interrupted; which she was, by a carriage stopping at the gate, out of which alighted a lady and two little girls. As they walked up the court-yard, *Mrs. Steward* desired *Martha* to retire to the rest of her school-fellows. She instantly complied, and found them all crowding round the windows of the school-room to see who it was that was entering. "O la!" exclaimed half a dozen voices at once, "here are some new scholars come! I am sure there are! And one of them is crying like a crocodile already!" Poor thing! replied *Martha*, she may well cry if she is come to school. — How I pity her! — Bless me! *Miss Beauchamp*, said *Miss Farly*, I do think you are one of the most disagreeable girls that ever came into a house: you will neither be happy yourself nor let others be so; with your sighing, and moaning, I never saw any thing like you in my life, I will be hanged if I did: I wish with all my heart you had

never come into the school ! I wish so too, replied *Martha*, as sincerely as you can ; for whether you have or not I cannot tell ; but I promise you, I have never been happy since I first came ; nor do I ever *expect* to be so till I leave it again. *Very well, Miss Beauchamp, very well !* I assure you my governess shall be informed of what you say, replied *Miss Fangly*. And pray what *have* I said ? demanded *Martha* in a firm tone of voice, which conscious innocence inspired ; *What* have I said, that with all your delight of making mischief you can possibly tell to my disadvantage ? I have said nothing but what I dare again repeat, that I do not think I shall ever be happy whilst I continue at school ; and you may tell that to my governess and all the world, if you please ; for I do not care who knows it. I am sure you can none of you, tell any one thing of me that I am afraid of having known ; for since I came I have done nothing out of my governess's sight that I would not have done if she had been by me ; so you may tell what tales you please of me ; as long as you only speak the *truth*, I do not care what you say ; and if

you tell *fibs*, your crime will be greater than mine. *Mighty fine*, Miss Beauchamp! replied Miss Fangly; whilst half a dozen of the others joined in the accusation, I do think you have the most pride of any of the *ladies* in the school; but I would have you to know, Miss, that *we* should as much *scorn* to tell lies as *you* would, so pray do not give yourself such *airs*, and think of calling us all *liars*, but learn a little more civility to your *bettors*. I called none of you liars, said Martha, though without telling one myself, I might have said *many* of you were; but I said, if you spoke the *truth*, I had no reason to fear any tales you could tell of me; for I have neither said or done any thing I am ashamed of, and that you all very well know.

Just as she was finishing these words, Miss Starch entered, and hearing her speak with a voice of earnestness, immediately exclaimed, *What!* Miss Beauchamp engaged in *more* quarrels! I never saw such a child in my life! you are always making some disturbance! I declare you deserve to be *whipped*, and in my opinion, Mrs. Steward is to blame not to do it.

Martha, vexed at being so undeservedly adjudged so severe and ignominious a punishment, burst into tears; at the same time enquiring of Miss *Starch*, *What* crime she had been guilty of that could possibly make her think she ought to be whipped? *What!* replied Miss *Starch*, why you are *always* in mischief. Did not you get into a quarrel with the ladies about your mamma's letter? Did not you throw down Miss *Grumpton* in the garden and tear her frock, and dirt your own? In short, you are always, I think, doing *something* or *another* that you ought not.

Martha was going to vindicate herself, but Miss *Starch* stamping her foot, commanded her to keep silence, saying, she would not hear a *word* that she had to say for herself.

Martha finding it would be to no purpose to make any further attempts to speak, walked away, comforting herself in her own innocence of heart. It is very provoking, said she to herself, to be so unjustly condemned; but I do not care, I will not mind it, for I am sure I do not deserve it; and God who knows every

thing, knows I have not been naughty. Miss *Starch* and the ladies may therefore say as they will; I will not make myself uneasy about it. She then took up her book, and was going to learn her task, when Mrs. *Steward* sent for her into the parlour. She instantly obeyed the summons, and found the lady and two little girls she had before seen walk up the court-yard.

Upon her entering the room, Mrs. *Steward* took hold of her hand, and after turning her to pay her proper respects to the lady, led her to the little girls, saying at the same time, Miss *Beauchamp*, here are two young ladies who I am sure you will be happy to do every thing in your power to divert as much as possible: you will pity their present suffering, and gladly contribute all you can to relieve them. Then addressing herself to her two new scholars, she went on, and you, my dears, I am sure will find Miss *Beauchamp* a most agreeable companion: she is one of the best little girls I ever met with, and I am sure will try to make you happy: go with her, my dears, and take a little walk in the garden; you cannot think what a

number of pretty flowers there are : should not you like to look at them ? It was to no purpose Mrs. *Steward* either represented the *goodness* of Miss *Beauchamp*, or the *beauty* of the garden : the little girls chose to stand close to their mamma, holding her hands, and crying bitterly.

Poor *Martha*, whose heart was always panting after her own mamma, was deeply affected, and unable to support so tender a scene, she joined the party, and burst into tears.

Mrs. *Steward* not knowing the cause of her distress, enquired what was the matter ? To which *Martha* replied as well as she could, often interrupted by her sobs, Indeed, Madam, I cannot help it : I cannot bear to see these little girls part from their mamma. Amiable child ! said the lady, clasping her in her arms, what sweet sensibility of heart ! How long Mrs. *Steward*, has this dear little creature been with you ? Just as Mrs. *Steward* was going to reply, the parlour door was opened, and Mrs. *Beauchamp* was announced.

Martha forgot her sympathetic sufferings for her companions, and flew to her mother in an extacy, which perhaps other little girls who have been in the same situation, may be able to imagine, but such as my pen cannot describe. Her joy for some time was too violent to permit her to speak, and had not tears relieved her, it is most likely she would have gone into fits. Mrs. *Beauchamp* was little less affected than her daughter, from whom she had never before been separated. In a little time, however, they both grew more composed, and Mrs. *Beauchamp* informed Mrs. *Steward*, that she was come to fetch *Martha* home for a few days, to see her grand-mamma, who was waiting with impatience for their return: she therefore hoped Mrs. *Steward* would excuse their hasty departure. And *Martha*, after taking leave of Mrs. *Steward*, and running to kiss Miss *Candid*, with unspeakable pleasure attended her mamma to the carriage.



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